Merry Christmas!

WARTBURG TRUMPET

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Give and take

Jellema shares opinions with Senate

By NORM SINGLETON

President William W. Jellema "didn't want to make a speech" but he cleared the air on his opinion of Wartburg and other topics in his first meeting with the Student Senate Monday.

Dr. Jellema said he was there to listen as well as answer questions, commenting, "I should have some questions to ask you."

The primary issue discussed was why students don't seem to be the main consideration at Wartburg. Most students present seemed to feel they were being slighted in favor of parents, alumni and potential students for the sake of public relations.

As an example, last Sunday's dinner was cited, in which the students were served sack lunches while the cafeteria was reserved for visitors.

Jellema answered that the college is primarily concerned with students, but not exclusively. He added that the honorees were not here for "mere entertainment," but since tuition payments fail to meet all expenses, it is "desparately important" to have these persons' good will and financial assistance.

According to Jellema, other problems of congestion in the Union were due to limited facilities and poor planning.

One's perspective in viewing this is very important, Jellema stressed. He said Wartburg has "a lot of great things about it, including the food service" and added though the college may not look the greatest to students, it looks very good to an outside viewer.

Another question raised concerned the reasons for the recent drop in the college's enrollment. Jellema said a survey was taken by the Office of Student Affairs on the reasons for the drop and some of its findings.

He said that former Wartburg students interviewed gave reasons from "both ends of the spectrum" with no definite trends emerging.

One facet noted was that certain departments have great holding power, such as sports and music, and that students active in these activities are less likely to drop out.

When asked why he accepted the position of President of Wartburg, Jellema responded that he had studied and evaluated many colleges in the past years. Wartburg looked to him to be a "good college with great potential."

At Wartburg, Jellema found a fine academic program with good facilities, and finances, and finances was "tremendously impressed by the people" here. One thing unusual, he said, is that there are no big hassles here and no evidence of "deep-seated malice" with great openness and friendliness instead.

Jellema stated that faculty here are very good, adding "I don't have to say that, even though some of you might be reporting it." He also said the alumni and students are willing to work to improve the college.

What impressed him most was the pervading atmosphere of friendliness at Wartburg, he said. Jellema added that Wartburg has a reputation for this and he hopes to embellish it.

Dr. Jellema answered the question of why he had not attended a Senate meeting sooner with the comment that he "was waiting for an invitation."

He said the meeting had profited him and was not just a "rehearsing of personal piques," but a meaningful exchange of information. Jellema added that it was "nice to get together like this."

Northern Brass Quintet to appear Sunday

The Northern Brass Quintet from the University of Northern Iowa will be the second number in Wartburg College's new Chamber Music-Solo Recital Series Sunday, Dec. 15.

The Quintet's appearance here is being sponsored by the college's chapter of the Iowa Music Teachers Association with support from the National Endowment for the Arts of Washington, D.C., and the Iowa State Arts Council of Des Moines.

The program will begin at 8 p.m. in the Voecks Auditorium of the Becker Hall of Science.

For those who do not have season tickets to the series, single admission will be $1.50 for adults and $1 for students. Tickets may be purchased until a week in advance through the music department (ext. 300) or at the door the night of the concert.

The Quintet, whose repertoire encompasses music of all periods, will perform works by Eugene Bozza, John Wilbye, Victor Ewald, Erik Stokes, Henry Purcell and Joseph Horowitz.

The Northern Brass Quintet was founded in 1969 for the purpose of performing the finest music available for brass instruments and to encourage interest in such music in the schools and communities of Iowa.

The Quintet has appeared in every area of the state and has performed well over 100 programs ranging from full recitals to lecture demonstrations. The five musicians have also been featured on radio and television.

The members, each an outstanding performer in his own right as well as being a member of the music faculty at UNI, have a rich background of performing experience.

They are Keith Johnson, trumpet, Bruce Chidester, trumpet, David Kennedy, horn, Jon Hansen, trombone, and Donald Little, tuba.

Johnson performed for 10 seasons with the New Hampshire Music Festival Orchestra and Brass Ensemble; Chidester did private teaching and studio recording in Dallas, Tex., before joining the UNI faculty; Kennedy has a wide reputation as an outstanding teacher and clinician; Hansen has taught at Dickinson State College in North Dakota, the International Music Camp and the Saskatchewan Summer School of the Arts; and Little has performed with the Baltimore Symphony, the Chicago Fine Arts Brass Quintet, and the Chicago Symphony.

Summer job search should begin now

By JEANNE BURTON

Summer may be a long way off, but to Jack Schemmel, placement and alumni director, now is the time to begin thinking about that summer job.

Extracting files on summer camps, homes for exceptional children, and a plentiful amount of additional employment situations, Schemmel begins to elaborate on the opportunities. "We've had students here. Some find that their summer jobs lead to full-time employment. This one doesn't pay so well, but will enrich the student immensely."

Then he points to the small print carrying warnings: "All applications must be in by January." "Please file early as vacancies are soon filled." "Preference given to early applicants."

Schemmel says that he fears many students miss exciting opportunities because they miss these deadlines.

"Students should begin applying for, and looking for, summer jobs during Christmas break," Schemmel cautions the potential job-seekers.

"Anyone wanting help in applying, how to project a good appearance, form letters, or just seeking additional information on work, should either attend an orientation meeting or stop by my office."

To emphasize the necessity of prompt action, Schemmel stresses the economic situation of the country, the number of people competing for the choice positions, and the security of knowing where tuition money is coming from next year.

"The student needs all the help he can get. We can provide that help

'Castle' pullout section inside

Officials serve as alternative to griping

Complaining is always in season. Though it is an accepted and everyday phenomenon, frustration often accompanies gripes because no one knows how to do anything about it.

For this reason, the student body offices and ombudsman posts were created. These students can use their "official capacities" to present problems and-or solutions to faculty and administrators.

As student body president, junior Michael Taylor is an ex-officio member of all student-faculty committees. His main responsibility is to oversee the welfare of the students.

Taylor said he wanted students to know what resources are available, he also expressed hope that students would communicate their questions and problems to the outlets provided, meaning the ombudspersons and officers.

left to right: Fred Grunke, vice-president, Carrie Becker, ombudsperson; Sandy Frederickson, recorder; Michael Taylor, president; Paul Torkelson, treasurer; Ray Hayes, ombudsperson.

Senior Fred Grunke is the student body vice-president. His main duty is to preside over the Senate. This job necessarily includes implementation of resolutions or at the least, communicating any relevant decisions to the appropriate people.

The office of ombudsperson is a post designed to specifically handle student complaints. The ombudsperson is a liaison between students and authority, an official representative investigator of grievances.

Next term, junior Ray Hayes, will step into the head ombudsperson position because Carrie Becker will be going to Denver, Colorado for the term. Sophomore Deb Auten will fill the second post. Complaints can be directed to Hayes at ext. 382, box 921 or to Ms. Auten, ext. 233, box 1368.

'Welcome' board aimed at visitors

A "welcome" board was installed this week in front of Luther Hall.

The board, according to a memorandum from President William Jellema, is to "welcome visitors to the campus."

Visitors, the memo goes on, include prospective students and their parents, convo speakers, guest lecturers and visitors to the President's office and the development office.

Students, in addition, may turn in names; for example, their parents. Students' requests will be included when space is available. The welcome board is "primarily intended to welcome official guests of the college," the memo cautions.

Submission forms are available from Mrs. Grace Bodecker in the President's office. Information requested is "the name of the person(s), the date(s) they will be on campus and the purpose for which they came."

According to the memo, the statement of purpose is to facilitate "internal operations" and will not be included on the welcome board.

Walt Fredrick, vice president for financial affairs and treasurer, said the sign cost $275, including lettering.

Evaluation forms determine teacher effectiveness

By KRIS YEAGER

As fall term draws to a close students are being asked to fill our and turn in Faculty evaluation forms. These two-part forms are then used as one method of determining teaching effectiveness, a primary concern of the college.

Of the two forms completed by the students, one (the white page) goes to the Dean of Faculty and the department chairman as well as the instructor.

This sheet deals with problems that may arise in the class and information used in considerations such as contract renewal and promotions.

The second sheet (pink) is given only to the professor and deals with improvement of teaching and gives the student a chance to express what he feels the needs of that class are.

This procedure has been followed at regular intervals for all professors for the last three years. Before this time evaluation was done mainly for first year instructors and occasionally for others.

However this year the procedure has been changed slightly. Instead of every course, each different course-instructor combination will be done once a year.

By cutting down on repetition it is hoped that the students will respond more thoroughly.

Although he stresses that this is only one of the methods used to evaluate instructor effectiveness, it is very important and many problems have been brought up and solved through this method.

There is no thought of doing away with these, but it is hoped that the reduction in frequency will encourage greater student response.

Planetarium, Christmas service set

Two Christmas events have been scheduled at Wartburg College Dec. 14 and 15.

The first is a planetarium show on both days, and the second is a Candlelight Worship Service Sunday evening.

The planetarium show, entitled "Star of Bethlehem" and put together by senior Jeff Lewis of Clarion, will be shown in the Becker Hall of Science at 7 p.m. on Saturday and 5 p.m. on Sunday.

There is no admission charge but reservations should be made through Campus Pastor Larry Trachte (telephone: Ext. 294) because the planetarium can seat only 50 people at one time.

The Rev. Trachte will also deliver the sermon at the Candlelight Service in Neumann Auditorium at 6:30 p.m. on Sunday. His theme will be "Bringing God Nearer."

Switchboard hours delineated

The following hours will prevail for the switchboard during the holiday period:

Thursday, Dec. 19 - Close at 8 p.m.
Friday, Dec. 20 - 7:30 a.m. - 5 p.m. (including noon hour)
Saturday, Dec. 21 - 8 a.m. - 1 p.m.
Sunday, Dec. 22 - Closed
Monday, Dec. 23 - 7:30 a.m. - 5 p.m.
Tuesday, Dec. 24 - 7:30 a.m. - 3 p.m.
Wednesday, Dec. 25 - Closed
Thursday, Dec. 26 - 7:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
Friday, Dec. 27 - 7:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
Saturday, Dec. 28 - 8 a.m. - 1 p.m.
Sunday, Dec 29 - Closed
Monday, Dec. 30 - 7:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
Tuesday, Dec. 31 - 7:30 a.m. - 3 p.m.
Wednesday, Jan. 1 - Closed
Thursday, Jan. 2 - 7:30 a.m. - 5 p.m.
Friday, Jan. 3 - 7:30 a.m. 5 p.m.
Sunday, Jan. 5 - Resume regular hours (On Sundays 7 a.m. - 12 midnight, and on Weekdays 6:30 a.m. - 12 midnight).

Yes, Virginia; well maybe

By JIM DELLO AND MARK WILSON

IT WAS BLOOD-COAGULATING COLD last weekend when our Wartburg helicopter (rented from the business office) landed among the barren peaks of the North Pole. We touched our tennis rackets gingerly on the snow, (we hadn't any snow shoes) and peered through snow flakes in the blizzard, looking for a road marker to reveal our location.

Just then a bright red Cadillac, pulled by two mammoth reindeer, came sliding across an iceberg and stopped in front of us. A dark figure dressed in a fur trenchcoat greeted us warmly, beat both of us severely, then threw us, blindfolded, into the back seat.

SANTA CLAUS, IN HIS SHIRTSLEEVES, was bustling about his toyshop happily. As we came in, choking on salivary juices that had turned to ice in our throats, Santa laughed joyfully and motioned for us to sit down. The motion was seconded and carried and we carried each other over to where he was sitting and collapsed.

"Well, ho, ho, ho, and what do you boys want for Christmas?" he said. Then, turning to his secretary, "Get this down."

The rest of the interview was conducted on Santa's lap.

xxx

JD: "WELL, SANTA, HOW'S BUSINESS?"

Santa: "Incredible! (He points to a workbench piled high with order blanks.) Oh, I don't make many of the toys here anymore. Do you realize all the orders I have to fill? I get most of the stuff from Sears, Roebuck."

JD: "I see . . ."

Santa: "Besides, the authorities got on my back for using elves as slave labor. Do you know they wanted me to pay them minimum wage? I said, 'forget it,' and set them all free.

Do you think I have that kind of money? Ho, ho, ho, you better believe I don't! I do this job out of the goodness of my heart, Buster, and don't you forget it!"

"You may not realize it, but there's a whole theology built up around me."

MW: "Well, how is your lovely wife, Mrs. Claus?"

Santa: "She ran off with one of the elves, or maybe it was a reindeer, I forget which. And I'd like to forget that witch!" (He drains a bottle of pepermint schnapps.)

JD: "Mr, Claus, I believe that you have six months of sunlight and six months of darkness up here. If Mrs. Claus left you, what do you do during that long winter night?"

Santa: "Lately I've been reading, but I wouldn't if I could get a fourth for bridge."

JD: "Are you aware, Santa, that, Christmas being a religious holiday, many children have you confused with God the Father?"

Santa: "It's not only the children! In fact, a lot of those little atheists don't believe in either one of us. (He lights up a Camel, which then kicks him in the face and leaves the room in a hump.)

"But the adults! You may not realize it, but there's a whole theology built up around me. 'Be good,' say the parents, 'Santa is watching. Santa sees everything. If you're bad, Santa will put coal in your stocking.' It's just a step from there to, 'Santa will send you to hell!"

MW: "Well, the question of just who you are and what role you play in the universe can be confusing. For instance, you have so many names: St. Nicolas, Father Christmas, Chris Kringle. Why all the aliases?"

Santa: "I was wanted in 48 states. Why do you think I came to the North Pole?" (An elf comes in with another stack of orders.)

Santa: Damnation! I keep telling them to get these in before Thanksgiving. Brats!" (The elf holds out his hand for a tip. Santa flicks ashes from his cigarette in it. The elf leaves, making an obscene gesture.)

JD: "Was that Dopey or Sneezy?"

MW: "I thought you got rid of all your elves?"

Santa: "He's been in my family a long time. Say, would you guys mind changing sides? My lap is falling asleep." (Dello and Wilson get up and trade legs. Wilson decides he looks funny with Dello's legs so they trade back again and resume their seats.)

MW: "Well, Santa, we'd like to ask you a few questions about your work. What do you do when you're flying in the air with your reindeer and one of them has to go to the bathroom?"

Santa: "We stop near a very tall tree."

JD: "Have you ever come down a chimney into an unexpecting crowd?"

Santa: "Yes!"

JD: "Can you clarify?"

Santa: "I once dropped in on an orgy."

MW: "What was your most embarrassing moment?"

Santa: "One day in Macy's, talking to children, I stood up to stretch and the pillows fell out of my shirt."

JD: "You mean this paunch is a fraud?"

Santa: "Not fraud, just petty larceny. I stole the pillows from Gimbel's. Have to keep up my image, you know."

MW: "Santa how can you be in so many department stores at the same time?"

Santa: "Now don't get coy with me!"

JD: "Why don't you ever answer my letters?"

Santa: "Talk to the Postmaster General."

MW: "What do you do with all the cookies and hot chocolate that are left for you?"

Santa: "Your parents eat them! Now stop wasting my time!" (Santa begins to get very agitated. He reaches up and picks a small rodent out of his beard.)

JD: "Well just how did you get into this line of work anyway?" (At this point, for no apparent reason, Santa breaks down.)

"Ah, I loved making them happy! That was before I started kicking dogs!"

Santa: "Oh I can't . . . . I can't keep this up any longer . . . I-"

MW: "what - what's wrong?"

Santa: "Oh God! Let me tell you the real story." (He pours himself another stiff schnapps and soda.) "Many years ago, when I was a young man, I had a small toy shop on the Lower East Side of New York. It was a good business, not very lucrative, but there were a lot of poor kids in the neighborhood, and at Christmas I would give toys away for nothing. Ah, I loved making them happy! Hah! That was before I started kicking dogs!"

"Well, the newspapers found out about it and did a nice, warm, human interest story on me. You know, the type you find in the Sunday magazine sections? Anyway, a big advertising agency took notice of it and made me an offer.

They said they would pay me money so I could give away even more toys, and all I had to do was pose for some pictures and do a few commercials. Then they decided to make me the personification of the Christmas Spirit.

Me! Think of it! Well, I thought it was an opportunity to do even more good so I . . . Pass the bottle."

JD: "Ah, you poor, naive idealist."

Santa: "Don't, don't . . . Anyway, at first they wanted to change my name. 'Santa Claus,' they said, 'Who'll remember that?" But I fought them. Then before I knew it they booked me for ads in the big magazines, radio and TV commercials, Christmas parades, the Ed Sullivan show . . . " (He is chain-smoking now) "They gave me control of this whole toy operation up here. Said it was almost pure profit because we wouldn't have to pay the natives - the elves - to work. Well, you know what happened there!"

JD: "A creation of Madison Avenue, eh? Claus, you fake!" (He jumps off his lap, slaps him with a glove, and draws a sword.)

MW: (Restrining Dello.) "Wait a minute. Let the man talk."

Santa: (Eyes filling with tears, Claus leans forward and speaks in a hoarse whisper.) "You know they want to get rid of me now. Say I'm not producing. They think they don't need me anymore, but they're wrong. I'm still the only one holding this thing together." (For several minutes he is unable to continue. After a long pause, he speaks again.)

"Say, would you boys mind trading places with me? The blood doesn't circulate like it used to." (Wilson and Dello sit next to each other in Santa's chair. Santa sits on their lap.)

"Well, I'm not licked yet! Those slimy Madison Avenue S.O.B. 's. I'll show 'em! They'd be nothing without me! I've got the big name! I've got the image! Who's ever heard of them? I've got myself an agent now and I'm gonna stage a comeback!

I've got a little act put together that's going to be booked in all the big clubs--New York, Chicago, Vegas! I'll get enough money to put this organization on its feet again! (He jumps off our lap, staggers, and falls to the floor in a heap.)

It was a terrible sight to see this legendary figure fallen. We decided he'd had enough liquor so we put it in a place where he would never find it. We drank it.

Just then, Kankakee, Santa's elf valet, came in.

Kankakee: "I think it's time for your two to go."

JD: "Wait. Is - is there anything we can do for him?"

"Dello jumps off his lap, slaps him with a glove, and draws a sword."

Kankakee: "No. This has been happening a lot lately." (He puts a funnel in Santa's mouth and begins pouring hot coffee into it.)

MW: (near tears) "But . . . it's so sad!"

Kankakee: "Come on. You've seen enough." (He takes a blackjack from his pocket, preparing to return us to our helicopter.)

MW: (taking Santa's hand) "Well . . . goodby, Santa. I - I believed in you!"

JD: "Santa, if there's ever anything we can do . . . if there's anything you want for Christmas" - (He dabs at his eyes with Santa's beard.)

Santa: (mumbling drunkenly on the floor) "I'll come back. I . . . I meant well . . ."

AND SO WE LEFT him, this once mythic figure, now emaciated. A tragic figure he was, trying to do good, but brought down by the gods of big business.

Will there be a Christmas this year? Is there a Santa Claus?

Yes, Virginia. Well, maybe . . .

Letters to the editor

Freshman questions constant complaints by students

To the editor:

During the past three weeks, I have noticed several articles in the Trumpet ripping off college life in general. I have some questions:

One. Why don't people ever write to the Trumpet when they like something? Surely not everything about Wartburg can be bad or it wouldn't have 1200 students from various states attending.

Two. Why is dorm life so put down? "Exposed to differing life styles" is how it will be in the real world and no one could be naive enough to believe that everyone will be living the same life pattern.

Three. If a student truly dislikes dorm life, why come to a residential college? Why not go to a state school where you could commute from an apartment?

Four. "Religious babblings." People tend to forget that this is a church-affiliated college and that some people came for that reason.

And something that puzzles me, why do people knocking religion use Bible verses to back up what they are saying? The verses quoted (Mt. 6:5-6) have to do with praying and showing off.

They say nothing about not testifying to your faith. Mt. 10: 32-33, Mk. 8:38, and 2Tim. 1:8 all have truths to be remembered.

Five. Is caf food bad enough to necessitate buying Akla-seltzer?

I personally think that the caf should get a cheer of approval instead of a putdown. Considering that they serve 700-800 students per meal, they are doing a fine job.

These are some questions that have been bothering me and I still wonder, why did the student come if he or she likes nothing at Wartburg?

--Ruth Sundermeyer

Constant photography interrupts Christmas program

To the editor:

I really enjoyed "Christmas at Wartburg." I felt that the narration, dances, and songs blended well to portray the true meaning of the Christmas season. However, I must voice a complaint that is being shared by many people.

Watching the dances and Nativity scenes and listening to the singing and narration of the Christmas story helped the audience to identify with the Christmas spirit. Then our thoughts were interrupted by flashes of light.

I know that photographs are a good way to preserve memories, but why did the photographer need at least two pictures of every dance as well as countless others?

I found it very hard to concentrate on the second program with so many snapshots being taken.

The light from flashbulbs disturbed many members of the audience who came to enjoy this program. If so many photos were needed, why couldn't the photographer have taken pictures at one of the dress rehearsals?

--Martha Mensink

Humor is the best medicine

By EGOR

One thing that I have noticed about students here at Wartburg is their reaction to frustrations in everyday life. Following is a partial listing which I think you will find interesting.

Frustration is caf' food.

Reaction (also read as RETALIATION) is taking a pancake to the door to warn others.

Frustration is a teacher who hates you and shows it.

Reaction is telling him how much you like the class and asking him to be your advisor.

Frustration is a long paper due tomorrow.

Retaliation is writing it in Spanish.

Frustration is having your favorite album scratched by your roommate.

Revenge is playing it a lot anyway.

Frustration is having the "mystery-meat" for dinner . . . . . again.

Reaction is jumping up from the table screaming, "It moved, it moved!"

Frustration is having an R.A. who "knows" you are a dope-fiend.

Revenge is burning lots of incense, smoking roll-your-own cigarettes, and walking slowly down the hall.

Frustration is sitting next to a pretty girl who won't even talk to you.

Revenge is saying loudly, "Kiss you? I hardly even know you!"

Frustration is also skipping class and then remembering that it is Wednesday and you don't have the class today.

Reaction . . . . . I'm not sure what to do about that one.

(Ed. note: Though we don't condone anonymous material, we felt an exception was in order for this amusing piece by "Egor." Any leads on the identity of Egor will be welcome.)

Whip Wartburg inflation now!

By JANET BYE

In anticipation of the issuing of WWIN (Whip Wartburg Inflation Now) buttons by President Jellema, I offer the following suggestions for fighting inflation here at Wartburg. Just as President Ford is issuing WIN buttons to encourage Americans to fight their own individual wars against inflation, we here at Wartburg must also be on guard against our own inflationary practices.

For example, alcoholic beverages take a big chunk out of many students' budgets.

An English woman suggested that one way to cut costs is to go to the store one day later each week. That way, at the end of seven weeks, she'd saved one week's worth of beer money.

Also, money spent for party snacks can be cut by visiting the cafeteria and taking a whiff of the lunch line. This has the effect of quieting all but the strongest of stomachs. A trip to the store will now be safe, since the lack of hunger will stop excessive spending.

But while these frivolous non-essentials can be cut down, tuition at Wartburg College can also be saved. I suggest taking 4¾ credits every term. If this is done from the beginning of one's college career, one term's tuition may be lopped off the cost of an education here at Wartburg.

Of course, great mental stability is necessary to complete the term. The question for some may be, "Which will cost more, tuition for another term, or the psychiatrist?"

I've noticed that many students calm their nerves by chewing gum. But the same piece of gum can be chewed for many days, thereby saving the addict a lot of money. If a little flavor is insisted upon, the gum can be soaked at night in a glass of water with some toothpaste in it. When the blue disappears, the gum can be taken out and it will be as fresh as the day it was bought.

And here are a few more helpful hints:

Thinking of buying new winter boots? Plastic bread bags will suffice. If your boyfriend thinks you're weird, just tell him you're in the "Wonder" years.

Pondering Pastor

"Why are there required religion courses at Wartburg?"

That's a good question with many possible answers, so here are just a few:

1) Required religion ought to cut down on smoking, drinking, swearing, sex, and other "naughty" things on campus. (Though it's admittedly hard to prove that it does.)

2) A little required religion will make our church supporters happy and they'll give more money to the college. (Probably true, but hardly a justification for the validity of religion!)

3) "We've always done it that way." (But then we "always" had 8:00 p.m. hours for girls, bed checks, and a lot of other "traditions" too!)

Being the sharp reader you are, you've probably perceived by now that I feel there may be more convincing arguments, such as:

1) Religion is concerned with "ultimate questions;" students are young adults especially involved with the search for ultimates, self-identity and purpose in life.

2) As a part of its total educational philosophy as a church-related, liberal arts college, Wartburg is concerned with the growth of the "whole" person, body, mind and spirit! (At a meeting of the National Campus Ministry Staff this summer it was interesting to note that more and more state universities are echoing this "wholistic" concern for education.)

3) Church colleges such as Wartburg have a responsibility to society as a whole. Science, technology, industry and government need a "voice of conscience" and sense of moral responsibility. (Dr. Bachman's commencement address pointed this out, as did Pastor Buchheim's sermon, "Who speaks for the poor?" It is interesting to note that in the field of religion pastors such as Lowell Mays and David Belgum are now teaching ethics at medical schools at the universities of Wisconsin and Iowa!)

I obviously believe religious instruction is of value and hope it will continue to be a priority for an education at Wartburg College. However, religious education dare not become a form of "inhibiting doctrination," but a serious search of the religious dimension of life is another story.

We owe it to ourselves as well as to our world!

Pastor Trachte

(Please submit any questions or topics for this column to Pastor Trachte.)

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A few of the selections were contributed by high school students who attended the Cedar River Writer's Festival in November.

THE AUTUMN

The corn is all harvested,
the deadness of it surrounds me.
I've got a graham cracker breath
and my toothbrush is in the suitcase in the inside of
this
contraption
But it can wait.
I have no idea where I am--
on a bus, of course,
Oh, now I know.
Just passed a water tower
with the country town's name
blackened
on it
I can see out through this Greyhound window,
sitting near the back.
No one disturbs my freedom of
watching autumn pass by me.

It's mid-afternoon, the wind whooping in circles
all across the potpourri-painted landscape.

I taste the autumn in the burntness of the graham cracker.
Somehow, too many of them,
makes my taste buds numb and dull.
Where I'm heading for is the gaudy city.
You won't meet up with autumn there,
unless you buy some
cheap
graham crackers at the nearest supermarket.

-Carol Larsen

I crave loneliness,
Hungering to be free to do as I please.

I am a lump of moist clay in the hands
Of those close to me,
Begging to be shaped into
Something pleasing for them.

Their contentment is achieved at the price of stifling my own desires.

Yet brief snatches of freedom
Become as a trip away from home:
Revitalizing to visit but the
Pull of familiarity is far too strong.

Perhaps I shall end this teetering and turn to complete withdrawal.

Who am I fooling?
Have I forgotten?

My life is shaped by the people around me.

-Terry Filter

-steve imbrock

The Game

Take away the fluid skirts,
the slick stone-cut legs.
They are weapons in a game
I will not play,
a war against myself.
I want to go home,
as when the neighbor boys
broke my doll;
find my mother's arms again
and cry.
But there is no maternal sanctuary;
no peace
but cracks in crusted tears.
It was my mother's game
and her mother's mother's.
She gave it to me
as a dowry
handed down from
daughter to daughter.
She gave it and I took it.
Now it's mine.

The record has been spun,
making revolutions
we can not stop.

-Debora Wirkus
Ames, Iowa

CEDAR RIVER TRILOGY

Mother River,
  Recreator of filmy figures tatooed
    In chalky lustre on massive destitute arms
      A fresh birth for all

Mother River,
  Do these ever-boasting gusts disturb You?
    Your rippling temper rubs at characters
      So craftily designed

What mysterious tranquilizer is this?

Return to your places.

Mother River,
  A Friend
    Has
      Intervened

What fortitude for such a
Trite flutter of wing, shudder of leaf
To disrupt My labor!

Do you heed the burrowing memory,
submerging problem,
buried solution?

You must realize
Decision for your enduring comfort
Resides in Me.

Branches
Bare
Cut an intricate web into the sky
I lay back arm waved angels
Sparrow
A whole in my web
Gazes
Head turned
Questions my breath
Rising, a small fog
Resembles
The whistle of a grey factory day

-Bob Helgeson

-steve imbrock

-steve Imbrock

III

It's 3 P.M.
That's right, We've won again.

Santa Fe, LNAC, Milwaukee Road.
Displaying only 9 cars today?

What's with this hideous warning?
Oh, yes.

The rates for long distance echos are cheaper.
How reassuring!

Sorry, Mother River.

-terry filter

Got to be Alone
Got to be Alone
Got to be Alone.
Everybody's lonely.

Lamps in sidestreets of small houses
A feather soft smile,
Everybody's lonely.
Quiet
A widow's laughter
Everybody's lonely.
Her husband's closet remains closed
Consoled.
Everybody's lonely.
Ashtrays and redstained cigarettes
Empty glasses strewn among playing cards
Everybody's lonely.
Etcetera
Etcetera
Everybody' lonely.
And so forth
And so forth
Everybody's lonely.
Etcetera.

-Bob Helgeson

leaves, pretty leaves
colored by the cold
a falling from dignity
crumpled and dry
the hand of the old man
hangs limp . . . and still
dead

-bob helgeson

-dan imbrock

The Listener

People scurrying
Hiding behind
Their Maudlin masks,
Speaking that
Which was on their minds,
Not knowing,
What was on their hearts.

There's a Man on the hill
Waiting for you.
In our fragmented time
There's only One
Who has the time
To listen
And help you
To listen to yourself.

I'm not afraid to climb
But I am afraid
Of falling.
There are so many questions
And no one to lend an ear.

There's a Man on the hill
Waiting for you.
In our fragmented time
There is One
Who has the time
To listen
To anyone.

Life is so futile,
I seem to be moving
down
Into
The presence of absence.
Most people seem to die
Before they are dead.

There's a Man on the hill
Waiting for you.
In our fragmented time
There is One
Who stops and listens,
Who shares the fruits of life
With anyone.

-Terry Morgan

Frogs thoughtless
floundering in
stagnant pools.
Channel seven
all night
out of my lazy boy

Intertwined heaven and hell bull's eye

mark bauhs

Because of limited space, only poetry was chosen for the fall term CASTLE. Prose works will be included in the spring issue.

-steve imbrock

my poem doesn't know
where he got that hole in his chest
although intellectualism
may have been his mental suicide
along with organic foods and bottled philosophy
from now on
we'd better face the wall
when it talks to us
because unicorns aren't the only myth-
ical creatures
to be drown in their own wine
we may be lovers in our late night long coats
and dresses that shift with the wind
but when the sun rises
not all of us may go to the far east
even if we wanted to
some spend too much time eating ice cream
others are too cynical
either way
we end up with a cup of coffee
and some ones shoulder
maybe a new marxist publication at the table
or a different translation of the Bhagavad-Gita
always
another blue eyed source
dictating our experience
making icicles out of our control

-Lynn Wadsworth
St. Paul, Minnesota

WHERE ARE YOU NOW, APOLLO?

When you used to speak to us from Olympus, Apollo,
We knew we could depend on you
to show us the clear path of honesty
to follow, without stumbling.

Where are you now, Apollo?

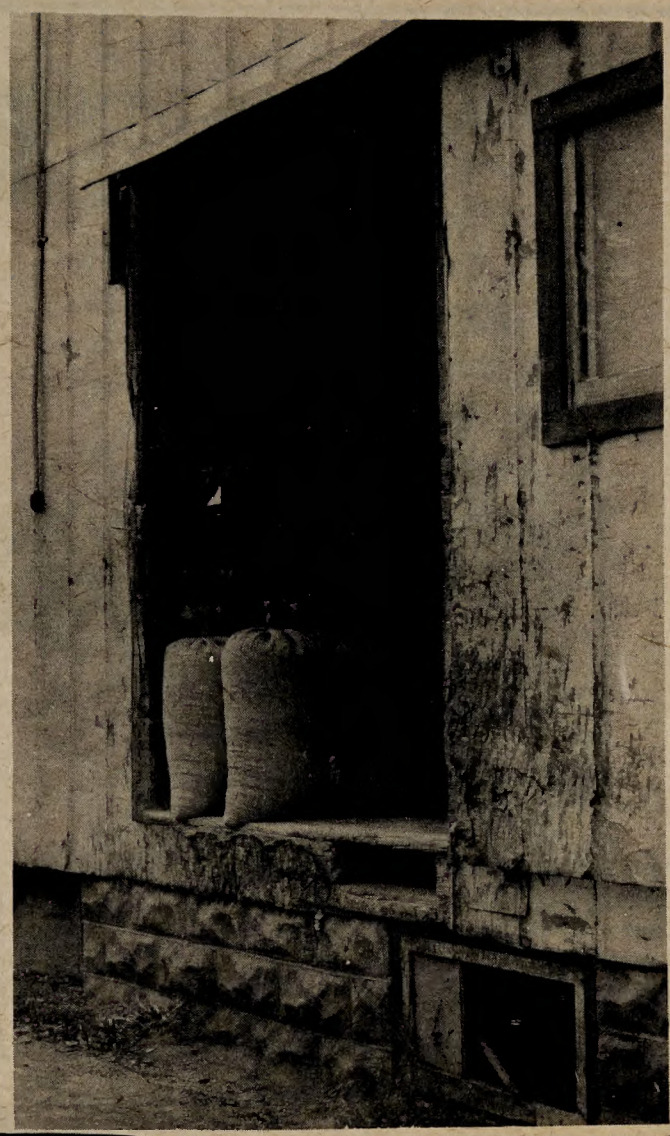
The engulfing, tangling vegetation and
the tall, tall trees cover our path now.
Some have followed the oreads' sweet tune
that flows from deep inside the forest.
They have turned away from you, Apollo.

Today I turn to a face I trusted yesterday
To find a disguise, a disguise frighteningly
just like the others'.

I long for sleep and Iris' visit,
To awaken to find her gift of colors across the sky
Telling me that that day will be different from the rest:
The way will be clear and everyone will follow you
again

But where are you now, Apollo?
Where are you now?

-ellen fisher



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A PLASTIC SURGEON

Who are these sterile Monsters

With their styrofoam bodies,

Silicone fingers and

Lucite eyes?

Who can decipher their

Confetti words raining from

Broiled, blistered lips;

Producer: A thermo-lined brain?

Behold, if you care, these

Plexiglass faces with their

Imitation stares and

Pre-fabricated gestures.

Laugh, if you dare , at the plea

KEEP AWAY FROM HEAT

-Terry Filter

High on the Urinal

poets, artists, know-it-alls,
finding relief
in analysis of politics
and
exposure of bizarre romances

-mark bauhs

A desert fox
squeezes himself out of
ever-present sunlight
into a cactus'
narrow shadow.

-vicki phillipe
creston, iowa

-linda sturtz

You flashed
a crisp grin
as I came through the door
white teeth hailing
me to your side.

"How's my lovely lady?"
was the once-over
inquiry - -
a true part
of your disguise.

Readily your eyes
glossily swished
to scan the room
for others who'd crave
your limited salute.

You think we're
proud
to know you - - -
shattered
if we didn't.

But, when your crispness
cracks
the room becomes
everything,
everything, - but you.

-lori hoffman

For your eyes only . . .

Confusion is the key phrase surrounding the Buckley amendment. The amendment was a sleeper, passed without much consideration. It was supposed to open all heretofore "confidential communications" to the students they were written about.

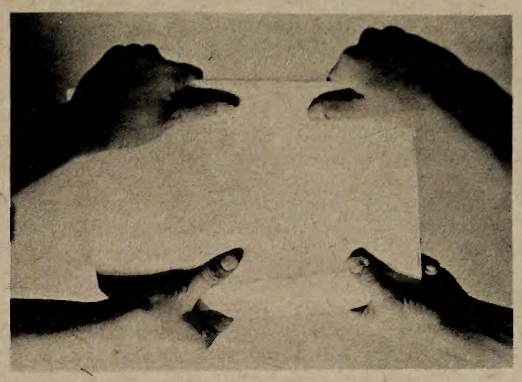
When these walls of secrecy tumbled down, everyone, primarily college adminstrators was suddenly awakened. Until this bill, school personnel controlled files and and what was released. Generally, the student had no right to challenge material contained in the files, though it would become part of his or her permanent record.

Adminstrators now face the monumental task of interpreting the amendment for practical use within their institutions. No one seems to know what to do, as evidenced by the 45-day implementation period following the law's official signing and the questions vollied between schools with no apparent answers forthcoming.

The first logical step is to define who has total access to files. Only students, and administrators who use data on a confidential level with the student, and others so designated solely by the student, should have total access.

Wartburg's student handbook outlines an intelligent set of rules regarding what other information can be released. For example, only non-controversial information such as major or date of graduation can be given out generally.

However, "members of the faculty with administrative assignments for internal educational purposes or routine administrative statistics" may have access to the file. This statement is vague; it does not definitely state whether such faculty can see the confidential references. If they can, this should be changed also.



Struggling for control

With this provision, the question of who should be able to see a student's grades is raised. It seems unfair to open previous grades to teachers who may use those grades as a basis for a final decision on other grades. For statistical purposes, grades could be listed anonymously.

Grades should concern the student and the teacher that gave the score, counselors directly involved and other people, employers, for example, only if the student so designates. For clerical purposes, recorders would also need to see grades. If a student wanted his grades opened to be considered for the Dean's list, he could indicate this also.

Often, information is put into files that should not be there. Notification of possible failure slips are sometimes stuck into a file for lack of a better place. Potentially damaging, essentially trivial data such as these should be kept out of permanent records.

One of the major problems the amendment has yet to clarify is what to do about those references written before the amendment was passed. The best solution seems to be to ask the authors of the references if they would agree to open up their letters; if they refused, they should be permanently deleted from the files.

Raw data should not leave the office where it is kept. The student should be able to choose from this raw data what information he or she wants in Xeroxed form for personal use.

Decentralization of files should be continued. If all materials were kept in a single file, anyone needing information of a general nature would be able to see confidential information. Centralization would also mean unnecessary legwork for secretaries from the various offices.

Health records should be more confidentially kept. Only physicians directly involved in a case need see health files. Unless she is directly administering treatment or a potentially incompatible drug, the College Nurse need not even have access to the more personal aspects in a student's file. Examinations for venereal disease fall into this category.

Placement files should be an instrument the student can use to assure him or herself the best possible chance for a job. Students need to take more initiative in this area. Candidates should ask to include a personal statement of qualifications, interests and desires in placement files.

Increasing computerization is invading everyone's privacy. Now that a concentrated amount of information can be recorded on a small disc, to remain until altered or tapped, it is intensely important that the individual control potentially permanent data.

For this reason, the Buckley amendment is one reassuring step into the direction of personal control, not domination by bits and pieces of official paraphernalia compiled by an impersonal authority.

Rip Van Wartburg wakes up in year 2074

With a world that is becoming more complex by the second, the idea of plotting the future is being recognized as a valuable, if not required tool for any kind of rational development.

So taking a cue from these "futurists" I have taken potential growth rates and extrapolated perceptions on the future based on what is known today. With just a touch of imagination, Wartburg College will look like this in the year 2074...

Some renovations have taken place. To avoid the cold of an Iowa winter, pneumatic tubes wisk students from one building to the other in clear plastic cylinders made of a by-product from old doughnut frosting. The pneumatic tubes crisscross the campus, but that is not the only locomotion. Gyrocopters and anti-gravity belts ease the daily burdens of being a student.

Through careful and discrete buying, Wartburg now owns Waverly; though has found it impossible to annex Murphy Estates.

A large dome, quipped the "Wartburg Maxi-Dome," was set in place over the entire campus to shield it from the weather, but had to be removed when it was discovered the campus was suffocating.

Most of the building are gone, except for Wartburg Hall and Old Main, which have been untouched. A new convocation hall was constructed to better accommodate those who attend. It seats 25.

The dorms are now towering stainless steel monoliths, reinforced with brick. Divisions between individual rooms, however, remains cardboard, in keeping with tradition.

The campus's energy is self-supplied via the sun. Recent advances in solar energy have made startling breakthroughs.

A giant mirror the size of Janesville is focused on a huge pot of water, not unlike those found on a present day stove. The water boils from reflected energy off the mirror and the steam is trapped by a gigantic closed-end funnel connected to a steam engine that supplies electricity. Technology triumphs.

Students walk around in clothing made of tin foil that is too tight or too loose, depending on your size. Except for business majors, who wear sackcloth and two-tone wingtip shoes.

Priorities have changed somewhat too. Half the campus is majoring in tennis, due to a governmental report that forecasts a glut in the tennis market in about 500 years. (The selection of the President is now determined by his ability to hit a good top spin backhand on the run.)

Wartburg was fortunate to discern this trend decades earlier, by building a 12 story tennis complex. This building dominates the profile of the campus, though the headquarters of the **Trumpet** rivals it.

Hours at the women's dorms are rather strict. Those males found in the building after 8 p.m. are shot.

People now live entirely on pills, making the cafeteria obsolete. The north and south doors and adjoining hallways of the cafeteria are preserved.

Once a month, in order to appreciate a sense of history, the student body will number off by two's and form lines before each door, wait for an hour, then leave.

Costs are on the upswing in the future. Tuition, room and board amounts to about a half a million dollars. But that's O.K.; work-study now nets a student $5,000 per hour.

The above mentioned **Trumpet** building and its staff of 4,000 occupy a dazzling steel and glass structure that is an architectural masterpiece, as it's designed to look like a typewriter.

Each week a team of 200 editors wrack their brains for ideas, in an effort to turn out a four-page issue on Friday. The odds are against them.

A gossamer ribbon of students gracefully curled through the Student Union wrapping up the passageways in tightly coiled humanity.

In retrospect . . .

Feelin' those good vibrations . . . Beach Boys

By DENNIS HARRINGTON

It's a difficult thing to put my finger on. It was probably the Village Voice last September. I'm pretty sure it was. It was then I first started reading about the remarkable resurgence of the Beach Boys.

I've become fascinated by this singularly puzzling rebirth. I read about the "banal genius" of songwriter Brian Wilson whose talent ". . . is to grace the commonplace with wistful celebration: an epiphany for every California morning." So says Voice reviewer James Wolcott. Epiphany?

I find a rave concert review in Playboy. (Read it. It'll make you crave for a wave.)

A fellow writing for the New York Times is shocked to see routine sell-outs of their concerts. It wasn't that way a couple of years ago.

I find the Beach Boys popping up everywhere. Nothing surprises me now, after I find them on the cover of a recent issue of The Chronicle of Higher Education.

I go to a pizza place in Waterloo, and the old standard "Surfin' U.S.A." is played every third song in a cycle of current jukebox hits. Oh yeah, it was 15 degrees outside.

I scanned a synopsis of a huge open air concert held at the Roosevelt Raceway in New York late this summer. Headliners with the Beach Boys were "monsters" Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young and Joni Mitchell among others; the Beach Boys stole the show.

What they offer to today's music listener is no different than it was several years ago, when a Beach Boys fan was eyed with suspicion. It just wasn't hip to listen to "Good Vibrations" while newspapers were filled with words like "protective reaction raid" and "Kent State."

But presumably all that has changed. Now it is right on to scream your head off as the gang strikes the first chord for something like "Fun, Fun, Fun."

So acting on all this positivism, I decided to purchase a Beach Boys album.

I wanted something representative of a decade of Beach Boys music. Parting with seven big ones, I bought a concert album recorded a year ago titled "The Beach Boys in Concert."

It's kind of amusing to see these California kids garbed in grubbies and sporting beards and flowing hair on the various album photos. You wouldn't expect them to sing about "California Girls" or the joys of surfing.

But they do. And it's great.

Corny? Yes. Stupid? Yes. Absurd? Yes. So why listen?

It's those sounds and rhythmns. Don't listen too close to the words, they're usually insignificant. Just sit back and relax to that incredible blend of voices, and the rhythmic genius of writer Brian Wilson.

One of the real tests of a song, I'm convinced, is how well it lends itself to whistling. Well, you can whistle your lips out with these melodies.

When you work together such melodies with the harmonies of five genuinely musical voices (Alan Jardine, Dennis and Carl Wilson, Mike Love and Blondie Chaplin) you have something special.

Not all the songs drive one to an aul nirvana, but enough do to make the purchase well worth it.

Just listen to "Good Vibrations." Imagine five guys standing before you with guitars and mikes straining to produce "good, good, good, good vibrations" five different ways, meshing into one unique blend. It's just too, too much.

You don't sell out concerts in New York entirely with messages about surfing and bikini-clad girls, or for that matter albums in Iowa (though when it's white all over and outrageously cold out it is reassuring to hear).

But what does sell is sound; vocal sound. And the Beach Boys make for some good vibrations.

'Easy Rider' speaks on past, future

By SUZANNE TRUE

The movie "Easy Rider," which played here last Saturday, was a fantastic and exhilarating journey back into the 1960's.

The movie concerns two young men, played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper, who are traveling across America on their motorcycles.

These characters and their ideals are strictly a part of the 1960's. They are fed-up with Typical City, U.S.A. They are desperately trying to break loose from the chains they are locked in.

As the story unravels these young men are confronted by another part of society which sees them as the chemical element that is going to cause a cosmic upset in their world.

This traditional faction is frightened by change and their only wish is to preserve the harmony they feel they now have.

This theme of harmony vs. change is vividly pictured in the ending. These young men are killed out of a fear of the future. The aspirations of the youth of the 60's were squelched in this scene.

"Easy Rider" was wonderfully depressing. It brought back the vitality and revolutionary spirit of the 60's and also forewarned us of the stagnant and devastating 70's to come.

Lightfoot heavy-handed at Des Moines concert

By DENNIS HARRINGTON

Rock concerts usually don't thrill me. The gross commercialization that leads to formula-weary songs, and personalities that attempt to transcend their music come across like someone trying to explain the virtues of smoking.

The reasons for subsidizing both are spurious, and in the case of smoking, a particularly frivolous pursuit. But a concert is the question here.

The star of the concert was Gordon Lightfoot.

Lightfoot performed to a packed auditorium on the Drake campus one weekend, an audience made up of largely fraternity and sorority people, evidenced by all sorts of cryptic symbols on their shirts.

Concerning Lightfoot, it seems funny that this Canadian minstrel should achieve superstar fame, but he has. If I had any doubts, they were extinguished by the concert.

Lightfoot's music is mostly about love, nature and Canada; he does a remarkable job in that he has been prolific in his writing of tunes, while retaining a beautiful standard.

It wasn't so long ago Lightfoot was a relatively anonymous figure. Some months ago, you could buy his greatest hits album for $3.50. Today it goes for over $5.

The recent success of his "monster" album "Sundown" has made Lightfoot so popular, he has broken into that exclusive circle of celebrities that are honored by having T-shirts made in their image.

The concert had all the ingredients for something special, a look at a talented man and, more important, listening to his music.

But something went wrong. I had expected a tender, shy, brooding genius that would, upon singing, become one with his song and his low-key performance would, in its own way, be very moving and powerful, etc.

Such was not to be. He sang well, no question there. But fame and fortune must be a funny thing. In Gordon's case, the manipulative power he held over many in the crowd was simply too tempting not to exploit. And he did.

I should have known something was up when I saw dozens of little Maple Leaf flags being waved before the concert. Or seeing more than one hockey jersey identifying a Canadian team being worn.

His entrance drew an enthusiastic cheer. Great, I thought. But as the concert wore on, it was becoming apparent that every move from the man was interpreted to have great social importance.

It all played like a bad joke. His music was fine, he attempted even to remain sincere through the songs. What was distracting was the way he milked the groupies for outbursts.

His looks of disgust at some hapless student promoter, fumbling with lyrics, his preoccupation with his thumbnail and a sometimes mechanical rendition of genuinely beautiful songs smacked of arrogance at times. Hell, who was paying who here?

It hurt. I love many of the things he's done. To see this happen is totally at odds with the whole tone of his albums.

I'll rationalize it away by saying he's been intoxicated by having so much happen in his career so soon.

And attempts to embellish his act with unprofessionalism don't cut it. And I suspect he knows it.

Engelbrecht library collection of microfilms expanding

By KRIS LEYTHAM

"If a student looked in our bound periodicals for a copy of "Time" magazine and could not find it," said Mr. Travillian, librarian for Engelbrecht Library, "it is probably in microfilm form."

Engelbrecht Library now has a complete file of microfilm for all the issues of "Time" magazine from Jan. 1, 1957, to the present time. Unfortunately, this is not the complete back-file. On microfilm the back-file would cost $17,000. The library's file cost $2,500. The set contains 880 reels of film.

Mr. Travillian said he would like to change the file to a cartridge type to make them easier for students to use. That transfer would cost $8,000.

"Eventually," Travillian said, "we want to change all the bound periodicals to microfilm. Microfilm is easier to store and less expensive than the actual copy of the magazine. The probem is getting the students to use the microfilm. It is easier to find the title from a "Reader's Guide," go to the shelf and pick out the magazine than it is to thread the machine to view the microfilm."

Mr. Travillian added, "Microfilm would also solve another problem we have. Many times we have periodicals lost or misplaced. We can not bind them until we have a complete file. If we microfilmed them when we received them, then no matter what happens to the periodicals, we still have the microfilm."

Another form of microfilm the Library has is a set of microfiche about the environment. Microfiche is a flat piece of film much like a negative with the mages on it. The library also has a set of slides on all eras of art.

Microfilm machine

Wartburg women sink UNI basketballers

By SUZANNE TRUE

Mark down a victory for the women's basketball team.

Last Saturday the Wartburg women's basketball team opened up the season with a win over UNI, 53-51.

UNI was a much quicker team but Wartburg made up for UNI's speed in their height.

The key to Wartburg's victory was the ability to take control and slow the game down.

Wartburg was also able to dominate the rebounding. According to coach Doug Johnson, Carla (Casey) Jones was exceptional.

During the first half of the game the score was very close. There was never more than a four-point difference.

They made some mistakes getting down to their end of the court. They ran into a little foul trouble and missed some crucial free throws. But, according to coach Johnson, they kept their composure and were able to pull a victory.

"They worked the part they knew the best," he said.

The Wartburg women's basketball team will play one more game before Christmas vacation Saturday, Dec. 14, at 11 a.m. in Dubuque.

Piano auditions to be held Saturday

Fifteen high school and collegiate pianists are expected to participate in the annual Collegiate and Young Artist Piano Auditions to be held at Wartburg College Saturday, Dec. 14, under the sponsorship of the Iowa Music Teachers Association.

The seven Young Artists will audition in the morning, beginning at 8:45 a.m., while the eight collegiate pianists will audition from 1:30 - 5:30 p.m.

The performances will be in the auditorium of the Liemohn Hall of Music.

Eugene Hudson of the Wartburg music faculty is state audition chairman for IMTA and is in charge of arrangements. Adjudicator for the auditions will be J. Earl Lee of Augustana College, Sioux Falls, S. D., and Merrill Harland of the University of Northern Iowa music department is in charge of the collegiate piano division.

The Young Artist auditions include high school students in grades 10-12. The winner will participate in the Divisional auditions at Sioux Falls, and the winner there will advance to the national finals in Denver, Colo., in early April.

The collegiate winners will also participate in Divisional and national auditions.

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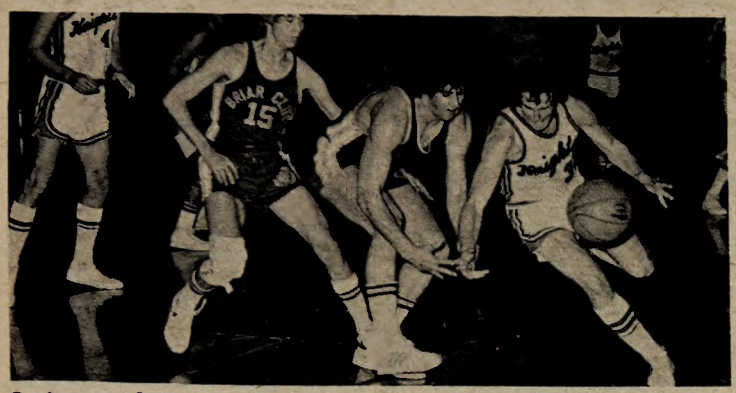

Senior guard Tom Griffin drives past two Briar Cliff defenders. The Knights crushed Briar Cliff 89-66.

By DUANE KOOISTRA

Continuing their up and down season, Wartburg dropped Concordia last Friday night 75-59, then fell to a strong Augsburg team 93-67 Saturday.

Against Concordia Wartburg picked up where it left off against Coe, shooting 56.9 percent from the field and 89 percent from the line. But Augsburg was a different story.

According to coach Lewis (Buzz) Levick, several factors contributed to the loss. "Turnovers and their excellent press hurt us," said Levick, "as well as the fact that our players were playing their fourth game in only five nights."

Levick added, "Augsburg has good size, speed and experience, they're one of the better teams we'll face."

Talking about the team's inconsistency, Levick said, "Mentally the players just have to learn to get ready." "With a veteran team this is no problem, but our team hasn't learned this yet".

Dordt (4-0) visits tonight. "Dordt's small", said Levick, "but they have good speed and are great hustlers." To beat these teams Levick felt the team needed more performances similar to the one against Coe.

"It may seem impossible," Levick said, "but our boys can play more games like that one."

Concordia

	FG-FGA	Reb	F	PF	TP
Nickels	10-13	4-4	13	4	24
Johnson	3-7	1-2	3	4	7
Lantz	-13	6-7	6	2	24
Brees	1-4	4-4	2	4	6
Grittin	2-6	0-0	5	1	4
Sangster	2-4	2-2	4	0	6
Weidner		0-0	0	0	0
Quinn	2-4	0-0	1	1	4
Kinyon		0-0	0	0	0
Werling	0-0	0-0	1	0	0

56.9 percent shooting. Concordia 44.3 percent shooting.

Augusburg

Nickels	5-8	3-4	4	1	13
Johnson	1-10	0-0	8	3	2
Lantz	4-7	4-4	1	4	12
Brees	2-4	0-0	1	0	4
Griffin	3-7	1-1	3	1	7
Sangster	1-3	4-5	5	1	6
Weidner	2-4	0-0	3	0	4
Quinn	1-4	0-0	1	1	2
Kinyon	1-3	2-4	7	3	4
Werling	6-10	1-2	5	1	13
Brees	3-6	12-13	4	4	18
Grittin	5-10	6-9	8	2	16
Sangster	1-5	3-6	4	1	5
Weidner	0-1	0-0	1	1	0
Quinn	0-0	2-2	0	0	2
Burnham	1-1	0-1	0	0	2
Kinnear	0-0	1-2	1	0	1
Kinyon	0-1	0-0	0	0	0
Werling	3-5	2-4	7	2	8

Shooting 43.3 percent. Augusburg 48.1 percent.

Halt score: W-44, BC-41.
Shooting percent: W-52.5, Briar Cliff-40.0.
Rebounds: W-56, Briar Cliff-33.

Coming out in the second half Wartburg used the hastle of their good court and good reserve play to pounce on Briar Cliff 89-66.

Junior Rich Nickels kept the Knights in contention the first half by going 8-8; but was slowed by foul problems in the second.

Statistics

	FG FGA	FT FTA	RB RB	P P	TP TP
Nickels	9-11	1-1	7	5	19
Johnson	3-8	0-1	8	5	6
Lantz	6-11	0-2	4	4	12

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Invitational wrestling set

Eight teams have been entered in the second annual Knights Invitational Wrestling Tournament at Wartburg College Dec. 14.

Entries, according to coach Dick Walker, include the Knights, Coe, Buena Vista, Dubuque, Central, Simpson, Upper Iowa and William Penn.

The day's schedule has the preliminary round getting underway at 9 a.m., the semi-finals at 1 p.m., the consolations at 6:45 p.m., and the finals at 7:30 p.m.

Despite returning seven lettermen, the Knights will be using a number of freshmen in the early going.

Part of the reason was a bit of bad news for sophomore Bob Bennett of Manchester, who was scheduled to go at 150 for the Knights. Bennett sustained a cracked fibula in his left ankle during practice last week and will be out until the first of the year.

Consequently, senior Greg Hovden of Decorah is being moved from 142 to 150 and freshman Pat Burke of Independence will be wrestling at 142.

Other first-listed freshmen include Ron Smith of Ackley at 126, Glen Colton of Cedar Rapids at 158, Randy Marker of Grafton at 167 and Mike Broghammer of Cresco at 177.

Smith is currently ahead of senior Dedric Doolin of Cedar Rapids, one of the Knights' premier wrestlers, simply because Doolin has not been able to work out with the Knights due to a field experience course which has kept him in Cedar Rapids all during the Fall Term.

Colton, Marker and Broghammer are moving into weights vacated by graduation last spring.

"All of the freshmen are excellent prospects so I don't think we'll be giving anything away," a pleased Walker said. "It'll simply be a matter of developing maturity."

The remaining starters listed by Walker include senior Mark Caputo of Conrad at 118, junior Jim Arends of Ackley at 134, senior Lowell Kuecker of Tripoli at 190 and sophomore Dan Swift of Manchester at heavyweight.

However, it is expected that Doolin, and freshmen John Swanson of Monona at 134, Rich Behrends of Janesville at 158, Carl Cheeseman of Reinbeck at 167, Lyle Schwartz of Greenfield at 177, and Tom Whalen of Waukon at heavyweight will also be seeing action in the upcoming meets.

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